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Map Showing Angel Island and San Francisco Bay.

Angel Island

The Ellis Island of the West

By

MARY BAMFORD



DEC 19 1952

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Woman's American Baptist Home
Mission Society

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Foreword

We are all familiar with Ellis Island on the Atlantic coast, but many do not know of the existence of Angel Island on the Pacific where the incoming orientals are received.

It was a note of the early Christian that he was "given to hospitality." The spirit of the Master teaches us to share with others. Why should not this attitude characterize our national relations with the incomers who cross the seas to sojourn in our land?

Unrestricted and unregulated immigration would not be wise either on our eastern or western coasts. We need the most careful consideration of the character of our future citizenship. But when we have decided who may be admitted to our land, let us receive all who come with a true Christian courtesy. It is not wholly a matter of legislation and officialism. The observant writer of this little story indicates clearly the significance of what should be done to give our new guests a kindly welcome. The Golden Gate and Angel Island should be worthy of their beautiful names. Here is an important task for the Christian women of our Home Mission Societies.

We can always be sure that every bad influence will meet the stranger. All the tribe that seeks to exploit the new-arrival confused in his unfamiliar surroundings, will

be alert, and in spite of all the care which the government can exercise, the immigrant will not seldom be cheated and misled. Strangely enough the Christian forces may give no heed to him. Too busy about our own affairs we may not realize that these are folk coming from old Asia, whence our Savior came, who are getting their first impression of a Christian land. They are sure to see our evil side; we must not fail to let them see our purity, faith, patriotism and Christian love.

Foreign missions come over to us at Angel Island. Those folk from the east will learn our tongue. They will also share our faith if we give them a chance. How touching to read the story of their gratitude for a copy of the gospel! What a rebuke to us is the tale of our unneighborliness! How our hearts thrill when we read of the Chinese Boys' Band and the stirring notes of "America" which they played so well!

"Sweet land of liberty." America has ever been a Promised Land. There ought not to be one soul in all our broad country who does not show the loyalty that makes a nation strong. Patriotism is only at its best when it is Christian.

It is our Home Missionary task to help the strangers within our gates to become Christian patriots.

LILLIAN M. SOARES.

May, 1917.

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CHAPTER I.

ANGEL ISLAND

When a vessel bearing immigrants to California sails into San Francisco Bay, through the Golden Gate, anchorage is made off Meiggs' wharf, the vessel signals by whistling, and the immigration officials go aboard. The vessel proceeds to its dock in San Francisco, where first-cabin passengers land, but all others are sent to Angel Island, which corresponds to Ellis Island of the Eastern Coast.

To visit Angel Island, we first obtain a pass from the Commissioner of Immigration. On a visiting day, Tuesday or Friday, we go to Pier No. 7, San Francisco, to take the Angel Island Immigration Service boat, which makes several trips a day. We wait, toward the end of the long covered shed, for the coming boat. The cry of sea-gulls is in the air, bells or whistles sound from different vessels, Chinese and Japanese wander about.

The immaculate white boat for Angel Island comes alongside with its American, Japanese, and Chinese passengers. As they are discharged, the other Americans, Japanese and Chinese, who have been waiting, pass up the gangway and start on their journey.

The Location.—If we go outside, on the narrow passage-way running around the cabin, the fresh salt wind

smites our faces as we look toward the Golden Gate. Between us and the Gate rises Alcatraz, the island whose cannon guard the entrance to the Bay. The buildings on Alcatraz give the island somewhat the shape of a man-of-war. For many years it has been used as a military prison.

Angel Island is a much better place to keep immigrants than the old detention-sheds in San Francisco were, as opportunities for coaching witnesses in fraudulent cases are now prevented by island isolation. Angel Island was first opened as an Immigrant Station in October, 1909. The next report of the Commissioner General of Immigration stated that the Angel Island Station had been built largely because the Chinese and their friends and attorneys had persistently complained that the conditions under which Chinese were detained in San Francisco were unsafe and unsanitary. But when these complainants discovered that the United States Government would have a great advantage in preventing the coaching of applicants and witnesses by occupying the Station at Angel Island, there arose violent protests, which, however, did not prevent the Government from carrying out its plan.

Angel Island is seven miles in circumference, and has an altitude of nine hundred feet. On the south side of the island, the buildings and the khaki-colored tents that we see, do not mark the Immigration Station portion of the island, but comprise what is sometimes called the "Casual Camp," where soldiers from the Philippines are lodged. On the west of the island, out of sight of our boat, is Fort Mc-



The Administration Building at Angel Island.

Dowell, the military station. On the north side of the island, is the quarantine station.

The Buildings.—Our boat passes a little further and turns by a wooded bluff. We swing alongside a wharf. Connected with the wharf by a broad wooden walk, is the main building of the eighteen buildings on this section of the island devoted to the United States Immigration Service. Ten acres of the island are fenced in for this purpose. We pass up the walk to the Administration Building and at the door we show our pass to the old doorkeeper. While we wait here for our guide, we notice that this large room in which we stand is railed off into sections.

The Japanese. The Japanese girls with the Japanese young men in one section are "picture-brides," with their prospective bridegrooms and their friends. Of the "picture-brides" I shall treat more fully in a later chapter.

Our guide leads us from the main room of the Administration Building into a long curving passageway, made secure by wire netting on the side opening outdoors, and we are ushered into the large dining-room for immigrants. Long, clean rows of tables stretch parallel to one another across the width of the room.

The Chinese Detention Building.—Sometimes one may find here a group of little Chinese boys, eating with chopsticks. High above the first table is a notice in Chinese, warning the Chinese not to make trouble, nor to spill food on the floor. Off this dining-room, we pass into the fine kitchen that has cost many hundreds of dollars. Everything is cooked by steam-heat. Two shining copper boilers

are for the ever-necessary tea of which the Oriental is so fond. The cooks are Chinese.

Passing back through the dining-room, we climb the long, broad stairway that leads up to the two-story Chinese Detention Building for the men. Sometimes there are two or three hundred men and boys up here. Some are mere boys of twelve or so, the sons of San Francisco Chinese merchants, or the alleged "sons," whose real status it is the perplexing task of the United States Government to determine. When we were in the main room of the Administration Building, we noticed that a railed-off section held a number of Chinese. They were witnesses, come to testify in some of the Chinese cases that are decided here.

Inside the Chinese Detention Building, near the door, are two electric switches. In case of fire, pulling down one of these switches would cause a fire-escape ladder to slide from the upper story of the building to the ground. The other switch would alarm the people in the other buildings.

The young Chinese coming forward to see us are friendly. Our visit is a break in their day. Following our guide we pass small rooms till we enter a large room in which are about a hundred Chinese, most of them ranging in age from ten to twenty. Some of them are playing dominoes near the door. Rows of two tiers of sanitary wire beds run lengthwise through the room. Some of the Chinese boys are lying on the beds, reading, others are looking over their possessions. When the inmates realize that the visitor is giving away Gospels in Chinese, a small mob sometimes closes around her, a good-natured mob, of course, and the



The Chinese Detention Building at Angel Island.

yellow hands are thrust out for the Gospels faster than she can get them out of her bag.

Some of the immigrants are being treated at the white hospital on the bluff opposite the Detention Building.

The Deportation of Chinese Women.—An immigrant examination involves of necessity the deportation of those who are adjudged unfit to enter the country. It is a sad sight to see the poor creatures who have come so far turned back at the very door. I well remember one very unhappy occasion. I had brought a party of women with me to see the island, and had secured the unusual privilege of admission to the rooms where the Chinese women are detained.

As we approached these rooms we heard the strange confused sound of many voices. Ceaseless, opposing, it was the wailing protest of the Chinese women against the deportation of three of their compatriots. Presently the three women passed us on their way to the boat which was to take them to the Mongolia sailing that day for the Orient. Poor souls! they looked as though they had cried their hearts out.

Usually deportation means that the Chinese women are taken to Hongkong, where they fall almost immediately into the hands of the slave-dealers, who take them back to the old dreadful life. The Methodist deaconess formerly at Angel Island vainly tried to learn of some one at Hongkong who would undertake to look after the Chinese women deported from the United States and protect them from their former masters. If California is to be kept clean in some measure, such poor slave women must probably be

deported, but could not two such great nations as the United States, which sends the women back, and England, ruling at Hongkong, make some arrangement whereby the slave-dealers at that port would be prevented from capturing these women?

The United States has a plan under consideration concerning women and girls of European countries deported from this country. At the Quinquennial meeting of the International Council of Women, held at Rome, Italy, in May, 1914, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, special agent of the United States Immigration Service, endeavored to secure the endorsement and assistance of the International Council of Women toward the establishment in each country of groups of representative persons who would correspond directly with the United States Government and would assume the care and protection of deported girls or women from their respective countries, until such time as these girls or women were "capable of self-direction." Would that some such plan might be carried out for the deported Chinese women reaching Hongkong!

The Indians.—Our guide takes us to the other side of the building to show us the Hindus. Here they come! Fine-looking, stalwart fellows, with white turbans swathing their heads, they come up the long stairway and confront us. Other Indians are in the further room. How different this type of men from the Chinese or Japanese whom we have been seeing! Some authorities hold that the Hindu and the American both belong to the Aryan race, and that whether we like it or not, these Hindus are bone of our

bone. Our speech bewrayeth us, according to the philologists. One looks back through the ages, and sees the time when the Aryan forefathers of these Hindus, and our own forefathers parted in central Asia, the Hindu forefathers going south, and in a subsequent emigration, our forefathers going west. The Hindu is not a Mongolian, but our long-lost brother, and the Californian is not usually any more glad to see him coming than the respectable brother was to see the prodigal son in the parable. I recall seeing a small group of Indians beside the entrance to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's pier in San Francisco, before the sailing of a steamer, and hearing a white man adjure the harmless group, who were not obstructing anything that I could see, "You move on! You fellows can't stand there talking!"

Those Indians were not devoid of human instinct when treated kindly, for when I gave a copy of the Gospel of John written, in the strange oval and horizontal Punjabi characters, to one Hindu of the group, he drew a nickel from his pocket as if to pay me, and on my refusal, he uttered an "Ah-h!" of protest. Another time, after I had given a group of four Indians some Gospels in Punjabi, one of them who wore a red turban came after me and held out his sallow hand in which was a little change, as if he would have paid me. When I refused the money, he thanked me.

The kindly hearted American who pleasantly says, "Salaam," in greeting an Indian, hears "Salaam," in return. A missionary from India, while visiting the camps of Indians in northern California, was gladly received when it was

discovered that he could speak Hindustani. Once on his way to an Indian camp, this same missionary saw a workman in a field and called to him in his own tongue. The man came running, and was full of joy at being spoken to in his native language. His employer called him, but he enthusiastically shouted back, "I can't work now! My brother has come! My brother has come!"

A San Francisco employe of the American Bible Society told me of a friend who had carried gospels to an outgoing steamer, and an Indian was so glad to receive a gospel in his native tongue that he kissed the book. A colporteur is said to have found five Indian laborers at prayer one evening in their hut. Not a word of English could any of them speak, but they were reading from a Bible that a missionary had given to one of them in India, and which he had brought with him to America.

The Koreans.—Another and very interesting oriental race to be found in California, although in small numbers, is the Korean. As very few of them are now coming to this country, I have never seen them at Angel Island. I have often met them, however, in my work, and shall give some description of them in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER II.

JAPANESE "PICTURE BRIDES"

The Japanese "picture-brides" are unique and attractive features of the oriental work at Angel Island. Pretty, polite, bowing, smiling, or sitting demurely with downcast eyes, these girls draw one's unspoken sympathy, for what hard and sorrowful days may be before the little creatures in this unknown land, with their unknown bridegrooms? Generally these "picture-brides" have never seen their future husbands, till meeting them here at Angel Island.

Marriage by Photograph.—The girls are given this curious name because their marriages are arranged in Japan by photograph. The sprightly author of "The Lady and Sada San" has described the arrangement as it takes place in Japan itself, as follows:

"The great unseen has lived in America for two years. The maid makes her home in the school. The groom-to-be wrote to a friend in Hiroshima, 'Find me a wife.' The friend wrote back, 'Here she is.' Miss Chestnut Tree, the maid, fluttered down to the court-house, had her name put on the house register of the far-away groom, did up her hair as a married woman should, and went back to work. Tomorrow she sails for America, and we are all going down to wave her goodbye and good luck. She is married all right. There will be no further ceremony."

Well, a further ceremony might be unnecessary in

Japan, but when pretty little Miss Chestnut Tree arrives at Angel Island and the kindly eyes of the United States Government behold her, she is not considered a married lady at all. The great United States Government is bound to protect little Miss Chestnut Tree, so she and her husband-to-be will be married according to American laws, before the United States official loses sight of them. Family-tree registration may be marriage in Japan, but however honest the intentions of the unknown bridegroom may be, there is no safety for these Japanese girls save in a marriage which the worst-intentioned bridegroom knows will bind him in this country.

How romantic, how momentous is the day when the "picture-bride" sees her future husband for the first time! The Japanese girls are in their quarters in the upper story of the Administration Building. Perhaps the Methodist deaconess is with them. A telephone message comes that the future husband of a certain "picture-bride" has arrived, and awaits her downstairs. She opens her bundle, finds the picture of the man, and perhaps some letters, and goes downstairs to see him for the first time.

On the bulletin-board, outside the front door of the Administration Building, I read a very plain hint, whereby it is evident that Uncle Sam is of the same mind as some fathers, when young men who come to woo stay too long. The notice on the bulletin-board was as follows:

"The constantly increasing number of Japanese visitors to this station and the tendency of such visitors to repeat and prolong their visits makes it necessary to issue the fol-

lowing order for the control of the situation: Visits to inmates of the station will be limited to one hour on any one day and must not be repeated by the same persons oftener than three times per week. The hours for such visits shall be between 11 a. m. and 3 p. m., and visitors will not be permitted to see their friends at other times."

Speechless Wooing.—One would think it rather hard on a Japanese young man, however, if his "picture-bride" should sit, almost speechless during the whole of the permitted hour. A man who acted as guide for our party told me that sometimes a Japanese girl and her future husband will sit for an hour and not say anything.

"I'm bashful, that way, myself," said the guide with whimsical sympathy.

Generally, despite the brevity of acquaintance, the Japanese girls are pleased to marry their bridegrooms. Sometimes, however, there comes an unexpected difficulty. Among the number of "picture-brides" and bridegrooms in the Japanese section of the main room of the Administration Building, I noticed, apart from the others, a pretty Japanese girl sitting in the corner of the section. Her cheeks were pink, her eyes downcast. Next her, sitting on the railing, was a Japanese, looking quite like a man of the world in his American clothes. The pretty girl would speak a few words to him, occasionally, but she hardly raised her eyelids when she addressed him. If she had been an American girl, I should have thought that there might have been repressed tears back of that flushed countenance, yet often

the girl's lips curved in a smile at something the man said. Still she persistently looked down.

"She is not supposed to look at him," said the missionary from Japan, who was with our party. "She is supposed to show modesty by looking down continually."

But I had never seen a "picture-bride" act in that way, and I could not rid myself of the impression that she was in trouble. Finally I discovered that there was indeed trouble for the pretty, pink-cheeked girl. It seemed that when her prospective bridegroom had been asked whether he had ever been married, he replied that he had, but that he had obtained a divorce. The year required after an interlocutory divorce not having expired, no marriage could take place between himself and his "picture-bride," and the girl must be sent back to Japan. An appeal had been made to Washington, I understood. Poor, pink-cheeked, little picture-bride! Yet perhaps she was more fortunate than she knew, for I did not exactly like the looks of him who wished to become her husband.

Hookworm.—Among the "picture-brides" the unromantic disease of hookworm is often found, and many "picture-brides" have been detained two weeks at Angel Island to be treated for this disease. A small sum is charged per day. The hospital is a white building perched high among the live-oaks on the bluff opposite the Administration Building. In his report for the year ending June 30, 1914, the San Francisco Commissioner of Immigration, Samuel W. Backus, reported 539 cases of hookworm treated in the hospital. That was a reduction of 36 per cent from

the number of cases treated the previous year. Of course, these were not all "picture-brides," by any means. Mr. Backus reported a change in the method of the Pacific Mail Company in regard to hookworm cases, the plan being to examine their prospective passengers before embarking in the Orient or this country, and if they were found afflicted with hookworm, to give treatment during the voyage. If aliens arrived here still afflicted with hookworm, a fine of one hundred dollars was assessed to the steamship company for each case.

Sometimes the Japanese bridegrooms bring presents to their "picture-brides,"—American shoes, perhaps, that make a Japanese girl, who is not used to heels, tumble on the stairs, if the matron does not watch her. Once, just before the journey to San Francisco to be married, two bridegrooms brought American suits of clothes to their Japanese brides, and when I saw the two girls, each had donned her dress and wore a hat, as if she had been used to such American head-gear from childhood. But there are "picture-brides" who enter San Francisco bareheaded.

A Link Between Home and Foreign Missions.—Angel Island is the place where Home and Foreign missions join hands, for often, among a company of "picture-brides" arriving at the island, there will be one or two Christian girls, who have been taught by missionaries in Japan. Such girls are very glad to find at Angel Island the Methodist deaconess, and tell her that they too are Christians. They are pleased to receive a copy of the gospels in Japanese. "Ari-gato!" cried a Japanese "picture-bride" to me once, as I

was hurrying along a passageway at this station. As I had just given a gospel in Japanese to a "picture-bride" in the dining-room, and as I knew that "Arigato" means "Thank you," I supposed she was calling her thanks, and telling her she was welcome, I disappeared. But a moment later, when I returned, the same Japanese girl again called, "Arigato!" It seemed that she had not received a gospel, though I had given one to her companion, and not knowing how else to ask for one, was calling her persistent thanks for a gospel she hoped to receive, and which of course, I gave her as soon as I understood.

A Christian Bridegroom.—Some days, one sees the railed-off Japanese section of this large room of the Administration Building, filled, not with "picture-brides," but with young Japanese men, waiting to see if the girls have "passed." Once I watched such a company, as the young men stood before the official, who had brought the list of thirty or thirty-five "picture-brides" who had arrived from Japan the previous day. The official's voice came across the room—"Passed, passed, passed," after each Japanese girl's name that he read.

The reading of the list being over, the group of Japanese broke up, some walking on the piazza while awaiting the next boat to the city. As I stood inside the door, there came toward me from the group an intelligent, gentlemanly young Japanese, to whom I ventured to give a gospel in his own language. He received it politely, telling me that he was a Christian, and that he would use the little book among his own countrymen in San Francisco.



In the Japanese Cemetery.

He spoke English very well, and I asked him to tell me how he became a Christian. He said that his people in Japan were Buddhists. He came alone to California when he was fifteen years old, never having heard of Christianity in his native land. After arriving here, he was taken very ill. Alone among strangers, he thought he was going to die, and he had very serious hours and prayed earnestly in Buddhist form, I suppose. When he grew stronger, an acquaintance guided him to a mission, and there he heard of Christ.

"My heart was hungry for God," said the young Japanese bridegroom to me.

After he had secretly accepted Christianity, he persuaded himself that if he prayed very earnestly, he need not come out openly and confess himself a Christian. However, he came to see that this secret course was impossible, and joined the Methodist church.

"The day I was baptized," he said to me, "I was so happy to think I belonged to the Christian Church!"

He had found friends in a good Methodist family where he had worked for four years. "They always introduce me as one of the family," he said.

Now his future bride had come from Japan, and had "passed." All he had to do was to come back the next day and answer some questions and be married. His bride was not a Christian, but he hoped she would become one after marriage.

Once on the return trip from Angel Island, there were two or three "picture-brides" and their bridegrooms on

board the boat. I ventured to address one bridegroom who spoke English, and after wishing him happiness, I told him that I hoped they would find Christ in this country. He answered me with the unfailing Japanese politeness, "We are trying to find out."

It was only a courteous way of avoiding the issue, I think, but it reminds one of Count Okuma's saying, "Japan has everything else, but she is searching for a religion."

Friendship or Inhospitality.—At the San Francisco wharf, where the boat from Angel Island stops, the Japanese "picture-brides" who are to be married separate themselves from the other passengers, and with their bridegrooms form a little group. Before them stretches the great city, the city of their hopes, the entrance to the great State. The heart of the American woman, watching, misgives her. How dared these little blue-garbed girls leave their people and come so many thousand miles across the sea, to meet their unknown bridegrooms? Oh, little brides, there are few enough at the gateway to California to say to you, "*Yoku irashai-mashita. Dozo oogari kudasai.*" [You are welcome. Please walk in.] In the lonesome hours that are to come, when you find yourselves in a land of an unknown language, when you remember your beautiful Sunrise Islands and honorable Fuji and the old father and mother whom you shall never see again, may your bridegrooms be good to you, and may America's God be revealed to you.

A young missionary acquaintance of mine, recently returned from Japan, said that Japanese women in Cali-

fornia told her that they had never had a friend among American women.

"If we had been treated like that in Japan," said the young missionary, "we should never have known some of our best friends. Many of our dearest friends are Japanese."

It is only as these little "picture-brides" meet with friendly treatment that they will realize beauty in the Christian religion. A Methodist deaconess who was a worker at Angel Island used to receive pathetically queer little gifts from the Chinese and Japanese women, who were grateful for her kindness. Sometimes they gave her little pieces of dried fish or a piece of a dreadful sort of sponge-cake that smelled badly and tasted worse, and once, —oh crowning delicacy!—she received an egg that had been buried in Japan for two years.

Suspicious Increase of Proxy Marriages.—During several years past, the number of Japanese "picture-brides" coming to Angel Island has been very noticeable. In May, 1912, it was stated that more than four thousand Japanese women had arrived in the ports of the Pacific Coast during the previous year. In that same month, one steamer brought seventy-five "picture-brides." In his report for the fiscal year ending June 30 1912, the Commissioner of Immigration at San Francisco said, "The total number of Japanese arrivals for the year was 2,816, divided into 1,369 males and 1,447 females. Only 737 of the total number of arrivals were former residents, thus giving a total of 2,079 new arrivals,—almost as many as the total number of arrivals for the preceding year. The striking increase was in the num-

ber of Japanese wives, which rose from 1,101 in the fiscal year of 1911 to 1,447 in the year just ended. A large percentage of this movement is what is commonly known as the proxy-marriage bride, a class of applicants concerning which there has been considerable criticism, but which we have not found to be anything other than they claim to be, except in the rarest of instances. A searching investigation, which we have been unable to make, might show otherwise."

However, by the succeeding year, ending June 30, 1913, the Commissioner at San Francisco was of the same mind as to the genuineness of the "picture-brides" coming here. The total number of Japanese who had arrived that year reached 3,477, an increase of over 25 per cent. Of these, 1,567 were women, and the commissioner reported, "As will be suggested from the foregoing totals, the Japanese 'bride' continues to increase in numbers in the United States. Many of them are destined to ranches in California, Oregon, and Washington, really to engage as farm laborers. This fact, however, does not make them any less the housewives that they say they are to be, and practically all such applications are flawless under the immigration laws."

From such a statement as this, however, one may easily see that a Japanese young woman coming here has no life of ease awaiting her. "One day they're 'picture-brides,' and the next day they're digging potatoes on a ranch," said an employe at Angel Island.

It is interesting to note that in the *Atlantic* for May, 1917, an article written by K. K. Kawakami, a prominent Japan-

ese residing in San Francisco, refers to "picture-brides." He claims that there have been only a few instances in which such marriages have proved unsatisfactory. "Indeed," he says, "it seems to be the opinion among the more experienced, conservative Japanese residents in America that marriage following the exchange of photographs results in more felicitous unions than in those cases where the young men go over to Japan and find the brides themselves; because in the former case the precaution, wisdom, experience, and good judgment of the parents are fully utilized."

The Economic Problem.—Whatever the gloomy prophecies indulged in by officials or by persons interested in economics, the Japanese men and women admitted to this State go on with their hard, unremitting work here. Sometimes the result of the hard work is a prosperity at which some Americans look askance. One day when I was traveling by train toward the Santa Cruz mountains, an American woman became my seat-mate. She told me of the success of two Japanese families who had rented a strawberry ranch at a certain place.

"The women worked in the field like the men," said my informant, "and in one year those Japanese made seven thousand dollars. Then they bought an automobile."

She also told me that she had been in Japan the previous year and had talked with a Japanese who said he should think that with all the thousands of uncultivated acres in California, the Californians would be glad to have Japanese develop the land.

"If we had an inch of land in Japan with no one to

cultivate it, we would be glad to have anybody come in and do it for us," said the Japanese.

She replied to him that in California the Japanese were different people from what they were at home.

"In California, the Japanese want two dollars a day."

"They're spoiled!" said he.

Among the occupations carried on by the Japanese in California is that of mending shoes. One may look in at the diligent Japanese cobbler's window, and find him working by lamplight in the evening. Another business that perhaps Italians might look askance at, is Japanese macaroni-making. In Oakland, where an open upper window admitted the dust raised by frequently-passing electric cars, I have seen inside a "Japanese Macaroni Factory" many strings of the yellow paste hanging to dry. Japanese bath-houses and cleaning establishments for clothing are a common industry. Even Japanese women may furnish novelty in labor. One day on a street in San Francisco's Chinatown, I saw, through the window of a barber-shop, two Japanese women barbers. An Oriental, presumably a Japanese, was stretched in a barber's chair, while a Japanese young woman was carefully shaving him.

Whatever may be the economic dangers from the presence of the Japanese in California, there can be no question about our duty to give them the Gospel of Christ. Do the Japanese need that Gospel? A grave that I found once in the Japanese cemetery south of San Francisco might be the answer to such a question. The Japanese cemetery seems much like an American one with its rows of stones. But on

one grave I found some charred punk sticks, and the mourner longing to do something yet once more for the one who had died in this strange land, had made offerings of fruit and sweets to his spirit. On one plate before the head-stone were offered an apple and an orange, and on another plate were some Japanese sweetmeats, and laid across the plates were two red chop-sticks for the convenience of the departed spirit in eating. Such spirit offerings may seem grotesque to some, but to the Christian, they awaken a desire to share the joyous hope of immortality through Christ.

CHAPTER III.

A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY IN AMERICA

Of all the cities of America, San Francisco, with its ten thousand Chinese, has probably reflected more than any other the varying fortunes of China itself during the past few years.

Chinese Flags, the Sun Flag.—After the Republic was announced in 1911, there was noticeable in San Francisco's Chinatown a new flag, with crimson field, having on a blue background in the upper left-hand corner, a sun with twelve rays. Wishing to buy a sun flag in Oakland, I was directed to a small, somewhat obscure Chinese store on a railroad street. The Chinaman who sold it to me said he had none of the former yellow dragon-flags of China. However, going behind his counter, he did find, in some nook, one of the tiny yellow silk flags of a few inches, representing the dragon with his mouth open, ready to swallow the usual red ball. Coming back, he handed me this emblem of the Manchu régime.

"How much is it?" I asked.

In very broken English, he replied, "I not charge anything. Nobody want that flag now! We got flag like American flag!"

Some weeks before the Chinese New Year of 1912, the

store windows in San Francisco's Chinatown were made gay by pictures of war scenes in China. The pictures were somewhat like the colored supplements of our American newspapers, but were Chinese-y, gorgeous with red and blue and yellow, with great white puffs representing cannon or rifle smoke. The Chinese revolutionary flag in the pictures was bright red, with a ring of nine yellow stars around a yellow sun, probably the flag of a certain district in China.

But we were to see greater marvels in the way of flags. The 17th of February, 1912, was Chinese New Year. As I lay awake in the early morning in Oakland, I heard the sound of fire-crackers set off by the usually very quiet Chinamen living in the humble little house in the hollow in the next block. Chinese New Year, as the world knows, has usually come on the first new moon after the sun crosses the constellation of Aquarius. In 1911, Chinese New Year fell on January 29th, and the Chinese Baptist brethren in San Francisco held a New Year's "watch-meeting."

Inasmuch as the rumor had gone forth that Dr. Sun Yat Sen had changed the Chinese calendar to correspond with that of civilized nations, and that February 17, 1912, would be the last of the ancient Chinese New Years, I went to San Francisco to see once more such a celebration as has been customary there in Chinatown. But by this time Yuan Shi Kai was President of China, and I was to see something new.

The Flag of Five Stripes.—As I climbed the street from the ferry toward San Francisco's Chinatown, what was that big flag that floated from the tall flagstaff above the

greensward across a square? Never had I seen that flag before! It was of five stripes, each the length of the flag, each stripe a different color—red, yellow, white, blue, black. What did it mean? All Chinatown was a-flutter with flags, most of them the sun-flag and the United States flag, but here and there was that strange new flag, with its five stripes of red, yellow, white, blue, and black. A new flag had arisen! What did it mean?

Vainly I sought information. Queueless Chinatown was gay with its great balloon-like red-and-yellow glass lanterns. Little street-stands stood ready for business, though Chinese stores were observing their accustomed New Year's respite from trade. Now and then came the deafening explosion of fire-crackers. -

Before turning into the heart of the celebration, I appealed to a young Chinaman for information about the new flag, but though willing to talk, he only knew what the sun-flag meant. The twelve points of the sun-flag, he explained, the sun "go around every day," and the blue of the sun-flag was the sky. But he did not know what the new flag of five stripes meant.

Along the sidewalks of Chinatown, I diligently sought knowledge. Behind the counter of a vegetable store I appealed to a Chinese-looking person.

"I don't know. I never use that flag," he answered.

Evidently the flag was very new. On the street-stands, various kinds of Chinese candy were for sale and brown li-chi nuts, with their soft, easily broken shells, and prune-like flesh; there were brown ovals of abalone meat,



The Old Flag of the Manchu Régime.

with rims of deeper brown, taken from the iridescent shells of the haliotis. There were great pale-yellow pomelos, like pear-shaped grapefruit; there were tiny red goldfish, swimming in a glass bowl; there, next the side-walk's edge, was a fence-like row of upright lengths of sugar-cane, five feet high perhaps, each length having been daubed with red clay on either end to prevent the escape of juice. High up somewhere could be heard the squeak of Chinese music, and the loud, steady clash of a Chinese gong or cymbals. Someone threw a bunch of lighted fire-crackers from an upper window into the middle of the street, where it exploded, frightening a horse into hysterics.

I resolved that I must have one of those strange new five-striped flags. They meant something, even if I had not found out what it was. But it was one thing to resolve to buy and another to accomplish it, on Chinese New Year. At a street-stand, a young Chinese who had used a five-striped flag as a decoration for his stand told me I could buy the flags in the next block. So I went on searching. A Chinaman who was out paying New Year's calls, opened the closed door of a store, and I followed him in. In the store were two Chinese shop-keepers.

"Hola! Hola!" the two storekeepers and their Chinese visitors greeted one another, but no attention was paid to me.

Each Chinaman had taken hold of his own hand, according to Chinese methods of greeting. Now, one of the hosts took a white vessel like a tea-pot from inside another vessel on the counter, and poured something—whether tea

or other liquid—into a sort of white goblet, from which the visiting Chinaman drank.

“Hola! Hola! Hola!” cried the guest and the hosts in a chorus of goodwill.

Out went the visiting Chinaman, and I was left to explain my presence. Probably the storekeepers had no flags. At least they professed so, and I went back to the street.

At length, discouraged with my fruitless efforts, I returned to my Chinese adviser of the street-stand.

“I can’t buy a flag,” I said. “You sell yours?”

No, he did not wish to sell his. But with a kindness that I could not have asked from him, the young Chinaman left his street-stand with his companion, and went into one of the stores. He said something in Chinese to the proprietor, who did not bestir himself to sell to me, but allowed the young man to go to a fat bundle of the very flags I had wanted. So paying twenty-five cents, I came out the possessor of a five-striped flag. At last, a portly, dignified, intelligent Chinese merchant to whom I appealed, told me the meaning of my flag. The five stripes of the flag meant the five families of China. He began naming them, beginning at the red stripe and taking the colors in order.

“Manchu,” said he, meaning Manchuria, “Mongolia, China, Thibet and Chinese Turkestan.”

- **The Joss House.**—The strains of “Columbia, the gem of the ocean” sounded near by. It was played by a brass band of young Chinese men dressed in American clothes and was attracting many Chinese listeners. On the building



The New Flag of China

before which they played was a sign inviting visitors to the joss-house upstairs. I wished very much to visit the joss-house, but I hardly liked to go up alone. An American woman with two little children was near me on the street. She agreed to go with me into the joss-house.

The band had gone up the first stairway, and had entered a Chinese society's rooms on the second floor. As we mounted the stairway, the woman and I spoke of the great changes among the Chinese, and I said that I hoped China would yet be a Christian nation.

"Don't you believe it!" burst out the woman with a sudden sharp decision. "They never will! They've got a good religion already! There isn't much difference between them and us. They've got one good religion and they don't live up to it, and we've got another good religion and we don't live up to it!"

✕ Could I stop there on the narrow stairway, in the glare of San Francisco's Chinese New Year, with Chinese above us, and Chinatown around us, to argue with her as to the fact that many a Chinaman has been changed by the power of God, so as to live and die for Christ? What did she know of the sturdy faithfulness of the Christian Chinese martyrs of 1900? Or, to come nearer home, what did she know or care concerning that zealous San Francisco Baptist Chinese preacher, Rev. Ko Chow, whose Christian devotion knew no bounds? For seven years, Rev. Ko Chow was a street evangelist among his Chinese people in San Francisco, till, on May 13, 1911, he was shot by a Chinese assassin and died the following day, to the great grief of the little

Chinese church. Honored and faithful missionary, loved by all who knew him, Ko Chow, who was born in China, converted at Pacific Grove, California, baptized in the Pacific Ocean, and who labored for the salvation of the Chinese of southern California before beginning his almost nightly meetings on San Francisco's Chinese streets, was sufficient answer to any American's unbelief.

At the first landing of the building, a group of Chinese men stood outside the rooms of the Chinese company, peering in at the glass doors to see the Chinese band play. The woman paused here.

"I want to see the band play," she said.

So I left her with the Chinamen, for not thus would I give up my visit to the joss-house on the third floor.

At the next landing, a solitary Chinaman who was apparently in charge met me with a grave appearance and allowed me to walk in. I took him to be the priest of the joss-house, but I afterward learned that the head men among the Chinese officiate as priests, there being very few, if any, real Chinese priests here.

I thought myself alone with the somewhat elderly Chinaman, but afterwards I caught sight of several Chinamen outside the window, on the balcony overlooking the street. The emptiness of the joss-house contrasted with the crowds, the blare, and the explosions and smoke of the firecrackers in the street below.

The old Chinaman followed me. The object to which my eyes were first attracted was a large representation of a man's head with a black beard. This head was across



The Flag Representing the Five Different Families of China.

the room in a corner, and may have been made of wood or wax, colored to represent the human face. In a receptacle before it were unlit punk-sticks. A small light was burning. With a dim notion that the black-whiskered head might represent Confucius or some other worthy, I said to the supposed priest, "Who is that?"

"God," he answered promptly.

Next this representation of deity stood a large gong or bell in a frame, no doubt used to call the attention of the god to the worshiper, or perhaps to be used in his worship. A sign in English met my eyes: "TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS PROHIBITED ON THIS FLOOR."

I thought that the priest had left me to look around as I pleased, so I took out my pencil and paper, and was jotting down something, when I heard his voice at my side.

"What you make?" he demanded.

I explained that I was writing down some of the things that I saw, so that I could tell of them to my friends. The priest kept near me during my further investigations.

In the back part of the room I saw a Chinaman worshipping at a side-shrine near the back stairway. He did not kneel while I saw him, but, standing with his back toward me, he bowed three times to the object of his adoration.

At the back of the joss-house there was a large shrine, and I went to it, the ever-watchful priest at my side. Here lay some red divining-blocks. These were each about a foot long, one side of a block being flat and the other oval. The Chinaman who wishes to divine whether a plan of his will be lucky or not, throws the blocks and

according to the way in which they fall, he judges the omen to be good or ill. The fortunate way is said to be that one block shall fall with the flat side up, and the other block with the curved side uppermost. Though I was quite certain what they were, I indicated the blocks, and said to the priest: "What is that?" and he answered: "Good luck."

On the front of the larger shrine were offerings of food and a light was burning. Away at the back part of the shrine was another representation of a human head. I said to the priest, "Who is that?"

"God," again came his answer.

Would the woman whom I had left at the lower landing still have declared that the Chinese had a "good religion"?

I returned to the front entrance. The priest said something. He had a little counter on the landing. He went behind the counter, and I waited, supposing he was going to show me something. He brought out in a paper case a little package of punk-sticks such as are burned before idols. He wished me to buy the punk-sticks for twenty-five cents. I courteously told him that I did not wish to buy them, and he let me go. Again I was on the bare, narrow stairway.

A roar of fire-crackers arose. The Chinese band was coming out of the society's rooms, and I went down the stairway with them, the air chokingly full of blue smoke from the fire-crackers. Outside, the young Chinese band



The Chinese Revolutionary Flag.

gathered once more, and played "Marching through Georgia," as well as if they had been whiteskinned.

It has been said, that in times past, there were eighty-five of these Chinese joss-houses in California. Nevertheless, they are doomed to pass. A friend of mine told me that in northern California there was a joss-house containing some large idols, which the Chinese were almost ready to give away, were it not for two or three old Chinamen who objected. This loss of faith in idols does not, however, imply an acceptance of Christianity. There is, rather, somewhat of a tendency toward agnosticism among Chinese who cease to hold belief in the religion of their fathers. I once found an indication of this in going into a Chinese shop to buy a Japanese flag. I spoke to the Chinese shop-keeper about the anniversary of Wucheng. I told him that I hoped that China would become a Christian nation, and he answered that he thought that everything would change in China now. He agreed with me that after a while there would be no joss-houses left. From his manner of speaking, I thought perhaps he was a converted Chinaman, so I asked him if he were a Christian. No, he was not.

"Do you pray to Joss?" I asked.

"No," said he smiling.

"What do you do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, still smiling. "I go my way, my wife and children they go theirs. I am too old to change."

The Anniversary of Wucheng.—At the time of the first anniversary of Wucheng, September 28, 1912, while

passing through a street in Oakland's Chinatown, I noticed some new Chinese flags. Stopping to question a Chinaman, who had just fastened a flag to his store door, I asked the reason for the decoration, and he said "Chinese holiday."

"What holiday?" I persisted.

Summoning his meager English, he explained: "China Republic."

"Yes," I encouraged.

"One year," he said.

It did not seem a year to me. Was not the Chinese republic established on February 12, Lincoln's birthday? But something was being celebrated this September, and I went to San Francisco to discover what it was. There I found the San Francisco Chinese celebrating. Across Grant avenue, next Saint Mary's church stretched a white banner, edged with the other colors of the Chinese flag of the republic—red, yellow, blue and black. Across the upper part of the banner were Chinese characters, and below them were the English words, "The First Anniversary of Wucheng."

Into St. Mary's little square, opposite the church, young Chinese boys, belonging to two brass bands, were crowding, arranging themselves to be photographed. There were a large five-striped Chinese flag, an American flag and numerous white banners with Chinese or English inscriptions, of which this was one:

"LONG LIVE THE CHINA REPUBLIC." A white banner with red, white and blue top said: "ANNIVER-

SARY OF OUR INDEPENDENCE." A red and blue banner said: "CHUNG HWA REPUBLIC." A white banner bore the inscription: "THE YOUNG CHINA PUBLISHING COMPANY."

White banners lay on the green grass of the square. One of the two brass bands of young Chinese had gold-colored braid on their uniforms; the other had blue uniforms with black braid. As the Chinese lads sat on the grass waiting to be photographed their two big drums told who they were. One drum said in English, "NEW CATHAY BOYS," and there were additional Chinese characters in red. The other drum bore the inscription: "YOUNG CHINA MILITARY BAND OF AMERICA."

Yes, "OF AMERICA" was there. Many of these young Chinese may have been native sons of California.

After the photographs were taken, I followed the procession that passed into Grant avenue under its great outstretching banner announcing, "THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF WUCHENG." The Chinese band had begun to play. Chinese lined the sidewalks, along which I hastened to keep up with the procession in the middle of the street. Chinese women looked from upper windows. San Francisco breezes blew out the gay flags. At the corner of a chop suey noodle factory, the bands turned up the next street. Here they played one selection before the Chinese Six Companies' building, which was decorated with large red lanterns, contrasting oddly with the building's blue front.

The bands turned back. Before dispersing, what was

it those young Chinese were playing? Auld Lang Syne. Did it mean that old China was not forgotten—old China across the sea? Or did these Chinese lads merely play it because they liked the melody, or because they had heard the band on some large oriental Pacific liner play it when the great boat moved out from San Francisco?

Yet one more tune was played. It was "America." Yes, those Chinese boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age might celebrate Wucheng, for after all, "America" belonged to them, and they played it as well as a band of trained white boys:

"My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—"

CHAPTER IV.

CHINESE CEMETERIES IN SAN FRANCISCO

There are two Chinese cemeteries of the native faith in San Francisco, and one small Chinese Christian cemetery. Taking the electric car from the San Francisco ferry building, one rides down into San Mateo County. The conductor stops the car where a large sign at right angles to our road says: "NING YUNG BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION CEMETERY."

But there is no trace of a cemetery beyond the sign, as one's feet sink in the soft earth of the country road. At the right are willows, and then a fence with a row of tall eucalyptus trees bordering it. At the left are acres of vegetable land with Italians working here and there. Some distance up the road there used to be a stone having Chinese characters at the top, and beneath were the words: "N. Y. B. A. C. ROAD—20 ft. wide, 3,898 ft. long."

A cypress hedge begins to parallel the eucalyptus trees. By and by you come to a large gate at the right. Above the gate are black Chinese characters on a white wooden ground, and at one side is an English sign, "NING YUNG BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION CEMETERY."

How still and pleasant and alone that Ning Yung cemetery seemed, the February day when I first visited it! The

grass was green, the sun westering. Away on the hillside stood rows of white boards, each with its Chinese inscription. I walked up the hill and wandered among the Chinese graves. On several were blooming narcissus, the yellow and white Chinese lily; but on two graves were punk-sticks, emblems of Chinese worship. Down the hill, opposite the large gate, was the shrine of the cemetery, a raised cement semi-circle, with a Chinese inscription on the central slab. At either end of the semi-circle rose a large brick kiln, higher than my head. The kilns were covered with cement, and each kiln had a terra-cotta chimney and an iron door. Opening the door, one saw a grate with ashes.

A Shipment of Bodies to the Home Land.—It is a well-known fact that the Chinese generally wish that their bodies may finally rest in the earth of their fatherland. It is only, however, at periods of a number of years apart that there is a wholesale removal of the bodies to China. Such a removal took place in 1913. Therefore, in March, 1913, when I re-visited the Ning Yung Benevolent Association Cemetery, it was not a deserted place as at my former visit. I had seen in the newspaper the statement that a new ordinance had been agreed to by the supervisors of San Mateo County, lowering the fee for the removal of bodies from the cemeteries from ten dollars to two-and-a-half apiece. "This action," said the newspaper, "is expected to bring in a large revenue, as the Chinese Six Companies have signified their intention to remove some eight thousand bodies of their countrymen, and at the former fee, this work would not have been undertaken."

甯陽餘慶堂山屏



NING YUNG BENEVOLENT ASSN CEMETERY



The Chinese Cemetery Entrance.

In the Ning Yung grounds, I saw the activity resulting from the passage of the new ordinance. Afar on the hillside were a number of Chinese. Here and there were new white board boxes, inside of each of which was a smaller bright zinc box. Three Chinese were sitting on the ground having lunch. An old white man was digging at one spot and a young Italian at another. A pile of narrow white strips of cloth caught my eye. These, the old grave digger thought were for the names of the Chinese, a strip being put into each box. He said that sixteen-hundred Chinese were to be removed from Ning Yung.

Down the hill, at the center of the shrine, where one or two steps went up to the white slab with its Chinese inscription, some one had been worshiping. In the rectangle of earth, perhaps three feet long by one broad, before the central slab, stood a number of tiny punk-sticks, such as are burned in worship, some having green, some red, some yellow tops. On the edge of the rectangle lay a bunch of matches, and at the left of the rectangle, there stood on the pavement, a little brown jug, on which was a red Chinese paper, with this inscription: "Wine. Lee Wei. Tiensin and Hongkong." It was an offering of wine to the spirit of the dead.

The other and larger Chinese cemetery, that of the Six Companies, lies a mile or so west of Ning Yung, at what is known as "Happy Valley," albeit the cemetery extends over a hillside. When I visited it at the time of the proposed disinterment in March, 1913, the hillside next a road inside the cemetery was covered with purple cabbages. In-

digo and purple, they looked up at me as I walked to a nearby shrine. There was a kiln on the right. Far ahead, on and over the hill, were a multitude of Chinese headboards.

The shrines were scattered over the cemetery, for the convenience of Chinese who wished to make offerings to the spirits of their dead friends and relatives. Before some shrines broken bottles often disfigured the space, as if wine had been offered. A further shrine had bright punk-sticks, as if worship had recently been held there. Some of the headboards atop the hill were blackened, as if they had once been on fire. Before one or two shrines there was a raised dais, on which the coffin could be placed for the final ceremonies before burial.

As I stood at one of the shrines beside the road through the Six Companies' land, a young white man came to me. It seemed that he and another man had been sent here to watch for the Chinese, who had not yet begun to remove the bodies, but who might appear at any time. It was the guards' duty to see that no Chinese body was removed without permit.

Worship at the Tomb Shrines.—I climbed higher on the hill. Here grew blue violets and strawberry vines, and the headboards were many. While I wandered, a hack, driven by a white man, entered along the road from the gateway. It stopped at one of the large shrines next the road. A Chinaman, in American clothing, and two women and a girl of about seventeen, in Chinese garb, had come in the hack. A large basket, the size of a Chinese vegetable seller's



The Worshipers at the Shrine.

basket, was taken out of the hack and placed near the side of the shrine. From the basket came many things for the worship that was now carried on.

In one corner of the shrine, a small fire had been made, and the Chinese girl lighted numerous little punk-sticks, laid them out, and afterwards carried them across the road to what, the old hack driver told me, was the part of the cemetery set aside for the women. He said he had been coming to this cemetery ever since it was established in 1898, and that he had discovered that March, August and October were the months when the Chinese came to worship.

"By next Sunday, there'll probably be fifty hacks here," he said. "This is worship, you know."

Many things came out of the basket of the worshipers before us—oranges, bananas, short lengths of sugar-cane, rice-balls, quantities of punk-sticks, packages of spirit-paper, a fowl, perhaps a duck cooked with its bill turned over its back, and two bottles of liquor, probably wine.

"It's all the best, imported from China," said the hack-driver.

The Chinese man went away on the hillside with some punk-sticks for one of the graves, and the observer could tell now how these head-boards upon the hill became so charred and blackened. Probably sometime when the grass was dry, it had been set on fire from the joss-sticks burning on a grave.

The Chinese women carefully attended to the punk-sticks in the rectangle before the center of the shrine. One

of them took an armful of the bright-colored paper coverings of the joss-sticks and also, I thought, some of the spirit paper, and both women went to the kiln at the right of the shrine. There, with faces hidden from me by the iron door of the kiln, I could hear the voices, but I could not tell whether they recited prayer while the papers burned, or whether they were merely talking.

Across the road, in the women's plot, I gave the Chinese girl a Gospel in her own language. She opened it, read a few words and put the pamphlet into her pocket. In response to my question, she told me in two of her very few English words, that one grave was her mother's. She had been dead "one year."

At the mother's grave there was considerable "worship," part of which, I think, was for the spirits of one or two others who were buried in the row of three graves. The hack-driver, who averred to me that he thought it just as sensible as our custom of putting flowers on graves, did not seem to scruple to aid a little in the "worship," for he helped unfasten one package of "spirit paper," and tossed some of them to the wind. Many of them were bright with gold and silver. The wind scattered them about among the cabbages. But some remained to be burned, and with them burned also several pairs of beautifully-colored paper shoes—blue and purple—one pair, with red ornamentation so realistic in appearance, as almost to make one think them of more than paper. These shoes are supposed to be conveyed to the dead through the worship by fire.

The girl and one of the women diligently kept the punk-



A Chinese Head Stone.

sticks burning and stirred the pile of spirit-papers. The girl poured wine, or liquor of some sort into a tiny cup, and repeatedly threw the contents upon her mother's grave, and also threw a rice-ball. A fowl was placed before the grave, and some sugar-cane was also offered to the dead. The girl, who was worshipping, put the palms of her hands together, and swung them twice before her, repeating words, probably a prayer. Afterward, when one of the women was worshipping, I noticed that she swung her hands three times in succession.

Worship being almost over, the girl took a wooden receptacle that contained a good many thin strips of wood, probably, bamboo, and crouching, shook the receptacle. As she shook, a number of strips of wood, which were somewhat less than a foot long, fell to the ground. When a number had fallen, she stopped shaking the receptacle, and picking up the bits of wood that had fallen, she looked at the marks on them. The Chinese man, with his pencil and paper, took down the numbers, and the hack-driver told me that they were trying to find out the "lucky numbers" for the lottery.

Afterward, another of the Chinese women shook the receptacle. One of the women also threw what was probably the equivalent of the divining-blocks of the joss-house—"good luck" blocks—only these were not big and red, but of a dark color and a different shape, and were a little larger than the black shuttles with which American women make "tattooing." The woman threw two of these pieces

several times, looking closely at them to see how they fell.

"Worship" being nearly over, the girl began to eat some of the sugar-cane. The convenience of such "worship" is that only the "essence" of the food goes to the next world, the material substance of the food being left to persons yet in the flesh. As the hack-driver ate his portion of sugar-cane, he said that it was sweeter than the American kind.

The Chinese girl went into the cabbage patch and picked several cabbages, stripping off their outer leaves. The cabbages were put into a basket, as was the food that had been offered in "worship." How ancient the custom of offering food to the dead must be! In Deuteronomy 26:14, we read the words of the prayer, "I have not eaten thereof in my mourning . . . nor given thereof for the dead." One can readily see how the custom of giving food to the dead would arise in a non-Christian land, from the power of human affection, the missing of the loved one at the daily meal, the wish in some way to send him some favorite article of food, the fear that he might be hungry in that mysterious world to which he had gone.

"Ning Yung," said the Chinaman to the hack-driver, meaning that they wished to go there next.

One of the women who had been worshipping at a grave, started toward the hack. There was no human being left in that women's plot of the dead for her to speak to, yet on the nearer side of the road, as she partly faced the grave, she said something. Perhaps it was the finishing of a prayer. Moreover, when she reached the farther side of the road, she spoke again, looking back toward the woman's



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Chinese Spirit Paper.

plot, as one might who remembers to say some last word. There had been no tears shed by the Chinese women as they had performed their rites for the dead, yet the sight of the woman turning back to say some last words, before entering the hack, lingered in my memory.

I gathered some of the silver and gold spirit-papers from among the cabbages, and picked up some of the bright red papers that had enclosed punk-sticks and had not been burned in the kiln, but had been left to fly about. One kind of red wrapper had a picture of a god or some flamboyant Chinaman waving a torch above his head. Another yellow wrapper bore the inscription: "Chun Lun Hing, dealer in best quality joss-stick, Macao, China."

With my spirit-papers, I took the road to Ning Yung Cemetery. The hack arrived there before me, and stood not far from the Ning Yung shrine. The fowl that had done duty at the woman's grave in the Six Companies' grounds, now stood before the Ning Yung shrine with other offerings. The shrine was deserted, the women having gone to the hill where Chinese bodies were being excavated. A large wagon, loaded with boxes marked for Hong Kong was waiting. Each box contained the bones of some five or six Chinamen, for a number of permits were on the outside of each. The boxes were marked, "Ning Yung T. W. Y. Y., Honk Kong, China."

During the latter part of 1913, when the excavations at Ning Yung and at Six Companies were over, I consulted the old grave-digger at Ning Yung, who told me that he thought about fourteen hundred bodies had been taken

from Ning Yung, and probably more than an equal number from the Six Companies' Cemetery. Doubtless there will not be such a wholesale return of bodies to China again for a long time, since such removals take place only at intervals of about ten years, and possibly the Chinese of the rising generation in California may not be so particular about their bones resting in China.

The Chinese cemeteries of San Francisco were not the only ones from which Chinese bodies were exhumed in 1913, for in November, at the old oriental burying-ground at San José, in Santa Clara County, there were tiers of boxes containing bones of one hundred and eighty-seven Chinese waiting permission from the State Board of Health at Sacramento for shipment on their last journey to China, where elaborate ceremonies would be performed at the re-burial in the soil of the fatherland. It is said the Chinese have perfect records of deaths and burials for reference. A stone tablet bearing all details is deposited in each coffin at the time of burial. According to the opinion of the State Board, bodies that have been buried more than ten years, are not classed as bodies, but as human "remains."

The Christian Cemetery.—But, thank God, there is another cemetery besides these two for San Francisco's Chinese. For years Christian work has been done among them and many have died in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. Such would hardly be appropriately buried in a place presided over by a shrine like that of Ning Yung. There is a Christian cemetery. It lies west of Ning Yung, on the hill separated from that cemetery by a fence and a



A Chinese Shrine with Offerings.

cypress hedge. Sections of the hillside belong to different denominations, and there are low, white signs for the Presbyterian, the Congregational, the Methodist and the Baptist sections.

On a day when I visited the place, the song of a meadowlark was in the air. Through the dry brakes I found my way from one old Chinese grave to another, on the lower part of the hill, and I read the inscriptions of Christian faith:

“AH CHEUNG RESTS IN HEAVEN.”

“YOKE YEEN—ASLEEP IN JESUS.”

“WY SEEM—JESUS SAID I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.”

“LUM SING CHOY—TRUSTING IN THE LORD.”

“AH KAY—HAVING FOUND THE SAVIOR.”

Somehow, I was reminded of the inscriptions of the catacombs at Rome. Out of great tribulation, no doubt, had these Chinese Christians attained to this faith in Christ. From the other side of the cypress-hedge below me, came the voices of those who were attending to the excavation of Chinese bones. But no one was disturbing with any shovel the resting places of the Chinese Christians. What did it matter whether it was on a California hillside facing the rising sun, or in China itself that these Christians lay asleep for a time, till their Lord should bid them rise?

Sweet rose geranium marked the grave which is Shin Ah Mong's resting place. One could hardly read the inscription for the lichens that beclouded the words on the stone, but they are these that have been the triumphant

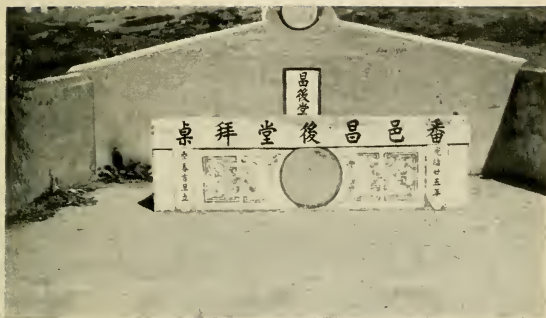
expression of many a Christian of many a nationality: "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Farther up the hill is a large white stone, inscribed, "Fong Dock, Salvation Army Soldier." Here was a raised grave with golden California poppies, rose-geranium and other flowers in bloom. The old stone said:

"Lee Kan, native of Heung Shan, China. Died in the Faith of Christ."

In a recent grave with a large white stone, lay Mrs. H. S. Lum, a Chinese woman of sixty-five years. On top of the stone is an open book made of marble. On the left-hand leaf of the book is the English inscription: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Rev. 14:13." On the right-hand page are Chinese characters, presumably expressing the same text.

From the higher slope of the hill, one could look down and see away beyond the cypress hedge the distant kiln of the cemetery of Ning Yung, and the top of the shrine where I knew there were on the day of my visit offerings of wine. Standing on that hill of the Christian Chinese cemetery, and beholding the other cemetery below, one felt anew the glorious significance of the Christian hope.



The Raised Dais for Final Ceremonies at the Grave.

CHAPTER V.

IMMIGRANTS FROM INDIA

To the Indians, as well as to other Orientals, America has been attractive on account of the far better living conditions. But the difficulty involved in the competition with American labor has caused stringent endeavors to be made to exclude them. For a time many arrived from Manila, having made, as it was believed, a brief residence in the Philippines, in order to meet the technical requirements of the immigration laws. This, however, has now been stopped and the number of incoming Indians is not very large.

A Christian Hindu's Investigation.—Without regard to the economic complications, there is the practical question for American Christians that many of the sons of India are actually in California. It has been very difficult to secure missionary workers who could speak their language. Some time ago a converted Hindu, Dr. Paul Chauvey, acted as evangelist for three months among the Hindus on the Pacific Coast, working under the direction of the standing committee of American workers in oriental missions.

After investigating the condition of the Hindus in California, Dr. Chauvey submitted his report as follows:

"I am not submitting a report of what I have done, but

rather what I have attempted to do among my countrymen during the last three months. I have visited thirty camps. The first city was Sacramento. This city to me is the Benares of the Hindu laborers. Here I met three different types of East Indians, the Mohammedans, the Hindus, and the students. Let me give you in the first place a general report of my work in Sacramento. 'In this city I note the stronghold of the Hindu professional crooks who prey on the poor laborers. Men make use of their college education to deceive the coolies who work by the sweat of their brows. I know of a case where an M. A. of Harvard University had been living for seven years on the substance of the laborers by flattering them. He is at present in the Dominion of Canada acting as priest and will soon be coming back to California, when his supporters think they have paid him enough for one season. Of course, such a prominent man could not be brought to task, since he is supposed to be performing the religious rites of the Hindus.

"While among the laborers in this city I made no attempt to argue on religion. I simply started talking to them on the conditions in India, and then drifted to social matters. Then I drifted to practical teachings of Christ. I have never attempted to get them together in large congregations, for I think the best way to reach these types is by personal work. I get them in groups of five to seven, seldom more, and then I visit them the next day. Then by giving these few men the time to tell others of my aims, the next time I meet with real earnest enquirers. To those



The Grave of a Chinese Christian.

that are willing to buy the Gospels, I sell them, and to others I give them. I rarely give any Gospel to a person who says he would not read it, because I think the Gospel is too precious a book to be cast away before men who are of the type of whom we are warned by Christ. I am sorry to compare my countrymen to such types, but I must state facts. There are among the laborers a few people who cannot read or write their own language, and such people naturally find their amusement in undesirable houses and saloons. I have met laborers who, after my talk with them, have come to me and said, 'Oh, give us some knowledge that we may be free from political and social tyranny.'

"When I again lay emphasis on the practical teachings of our Master, Jesus Christ, they say, 'But listen, sir! We are like outcasts in this country, and if some of us become Christians, we will lose our caste.'

"I had not the courage to tell them to suffer anything for Christianity in a foreign land where they are despised. All I could tell them was to be true to their conscience, to be faithful, and to read the Gospel of St. John which I had given them, and to live such lives that their fellow men might see the change, and if they should enquire, to hand them the little book and say that was responsible for the change in their lives.

"The Mohammedan laborers seem to be better dressed than the Hindus. They even put on the Mexican hats and try to pass off as Mexicans. The Mohammedan has the same old argument that he had in the Orient, viz., there is only one God, and Jesus Christ was one of the prophets.

I distributed a few Gospels among the Mohammedans. I hope the seed has not fallen on barren soil, because some of the Mohammedans do not know what thinking is.

"Among the students I met two distinct classes, the moderates and the extremists. The moderates are quiet, they are here as students, but the extremists are revolutionists. I do not wish to go into detail about the political views of the students, because I did not come to the coast as a detective, although I have often been taken for one. Some of the students are totally indifferent to religion. There are, again, students who are earnest enquirers. One Hindu told me, 'Yes, Christianity is a living religion.' I feel sure that this man will be led to Christ before long. He reads the Bible regularly and compares it with the teachings of his Shastras. A Mohammedan student whom I met at Marysville wanted to argue on religion with me, but when he found that I was not willing to enter into discussion with him, he was willing to listen to what I had to say, provided I gave him the same chance to talk. After I was through, he said he really felt that he was a Christian and had been thinking about this for a year or two. But he said if his parents and brothers knew that, they would stop sending his monthly allowance, and he would be stranded in this country.

"I have simply endeavored to give you two of the main experiences I have had with students. Sirs, what is true of the Hindus in Sacramento, is true in the camps also. In saloonless towns I have been told the Hindus are better

dressed and better behaved and not hated as they are in Sacramento.

"When I see my countrymen on the coast going about like friendless people in the streets, my heart goes out to them, and I think of the Master who went about doing good with a loving spirit. He went to rescue the lost and the despised. To me Christianity is not a religion to be merely preached, but it is a religion to be lived and practiced by ourselves and by our neighbors irrespective of caste, color, or race.

"I am strong for securing a native evangelist who will work among these people. He will naturally understand his people better than others. I know a consecrated man who is known to be a man of power in the Punjab. He comes from the same part of India as these laborers, and if he could be secured along with a European missionary, I believe they could work together splendidly as a team. Although they may not succeed in baptizing all the Hindus, they will surely do effective work and succeed in leading a majority to Christ. This work must be conducted prayerfully."

Scholarships for Hindu Students.—An interesting effort on behalf of the Indians has been made by one of their own countrymen. Sirdar Jawala Singh, a farmer from India, established the Guru Singh Sahib educational scholarship in the State University at Berkeley. The San Francisco Call, of May 26, 1912, described some of the letters received from the six Hindus who were to have the benefit of the scholarships. The Hindus had been chosen in a na-

tional contest, and represented, not only various provinces, but the Brahmans, the Sikhs, the Kshatriyas. One of the Hindus in his letter laid stress on his inherited abstemiousness. "Vegetarianism and total abstinence from alcoholic drinks and other injurious habits," he wrote, "have been my birthright. In addition to this, I may respectfully admit that I am a great lover of simplicity in dress, diet, etc., and have been living on unleavened whole meal bread and fruits for the last two years."

Hindu Propaganda in America.—It is not, however, for the benefit of the Hindu student especially, or that of the Hindu laborer, that there has been carried on in San Francisco for many years the services of the Hindu temple. That Hindu temple exists for Americans. Whereas, the Japanese has his Buddhist temples mainly for his own countrymen, and the Chinese here inaugurates his joss-house mainly for the use of the Chinese, the Hindu swamis openly aver that their Temple is for *Americans*. This Temple was erected in August, 1905, by the San Francisco Vedanta Society, "under the auspices of the Ramakrishna Mission, Calcutta, India," and advertises itself as "The First Hindu Temple in the Whole Western World."

I have in my possession a clipping from the San Francisco Chronicle of Monday, April 6, 1908, concerning the dedication of this building under the heading, "First Hindu Temple in West Formally Dedicated." "Swami Trigunatita Expounds the Views of His Sect to a Large Crowd." The Chronicle went on to say, "Under the auspices of the Rama-Krishna Mission, Calcutta, the first Hindu temple



The Hindu Temple, San Francisco.

in the Western world was dedicated last night. The temple, which is situated at Filbert and Webster streets, is the meeting place of the San Francisco Vedanta Society, which was organized by Yogi Swami Vivekananda in the spring of 1900.

"The auditorium of the temple was packed to the doors last night by members of the society and their friends who had come to witness the dedication exercises. The only speaker was Swami Trigunatita, teacher of the society."

After reporting part of the Swami's dedication address, the Chronicle continued, "After the service, which concluded with the singing of 'America,' all were invited to inspect the temple, and most of the audience took advantage of the invitation."

At how many varied services does "America" become useful! Did good old Dr. S. F. Smith, when he wrote "Our Fathers' God, to Thee," ever suppose that his hymn would be used at the dedication of a Hindu temple in San Francisco?

One day I stopped at the front door of this Hindu temple, and Swami Trigunatita gave me a little brown pamphlet entitled, "A Message From the Hindu Temple." He also gave me a list of Sunday lectures. The "Message" describes the Temple, which was designed by Swami Trigunatita, and which, as the "Message" says, "may be considered as a combination of a Hindu temple, a Christian church, a Mohammedan mosque, a Hindu math or monastery and an American residence."

The "Message" contains various explanations of the

different symbols and towers of this Hindu temple. For instance: "The canopy over the mosaic and marble entrance to the auditorium represents the supposed thousand-petalled Lotus in the brain. Some of the Hindu yogis claim that when this Lotus opens through the intense power of concentration and meditation, they get the highest spiritual illumination and perfection."

Again: "The Sangskrita inscription on the mosaic arch of the entrance to the auditorium reads, *Om Namō Bhagavatey Ramakrishnaya*. *Om* is the symbolic word for "The Absolute." Many Hindus chant or repeat the word as a spiritual practice, to give rise to the thoughts of the Absolute. It also means an effective sign of blessing. *Namō* means salutation. *Bhagavatey Ramakrishnaya* means to the blessed Lord Ramakrishnaya, who is worshiped by many in India as the Christians worship the Lord Christ, and who was the spiritual master of Swami Vivekananda, born 1833 A. D.; departed 1886 A. D."

The "Message" further describes the four towers of the Hindu temple, the first of which has an arrow on its weathervane. "In the Bhakti Yoga, one of the Hindu systems of philosophy, there is a lesson that the minds of the world's people are like a weathervane, always unsteady, being drifted round by the slightest disturbance. As the polar star is always steady at the north, so the mind should be steadily fixed on God. This tower has also a little similarity with the top of the temple of the Goddess Kali at Dakshineshwara." [Readers of missionary books on India have

some sort of an idea of what a bloody "Mother" the goddess Kali is, but of this the "Message" says nothing.]

The second tower of the San Francisco Hindu temple bears three symbols—a crescent, a sign, like the sun, and a trident. The "Message" says that this second tower is "like one of the Shivamandirs of the Kali Temple of Dakshineshwara." First the crescent: one of the Indian sects has the modified crescent as its emblem, "since it looks like the moon, it expresses the idea of softness, tenderness, love and affection, in short, the path of devotion. Second: the middle sign looks like the sun: without the sunlight and heat we cannot grow, we cannot work well; so it means the path of Karma or work. Third: the trident: In Roman mythology, the trident is the sceptre of Neptune, the monarch of the ocean. In Hindu mythology, this particular kind of trident is the scepter of Shiva, the destroyer. It stands for the symbol of destruction of ignorance, or the the path of Jnana Yoga."

But it is when the "Message" proceeds to describe the "Third Tower" of the Hindu temple that the amazed reader, especially if informed by previous reading of books on India, is somewhat taken aback at the plain language used, and wonders if this can indeed be an American city, in which such words are printed and given away to women. The "Message" states that the Third Tower "is a little specimen of the style of some of the old fashioned temples of the province of Bengal." "To many a Hindu," the "Message" says, "this tower together with the shed in its front, has a great meaning. It means the great *Shiva-Ling*-

am (here produced in architecture). *Shiva* means the destroyer of ignorance, and *Lingam* means the sign or symbol. Most of the Hindus worship first *Shiva* in their prayers, every day. They make a little figure of sacred clay every day, of *Shiva-Lingam*, and then worship it. Just as some of the Christians make crosses out of metal as the symbol of Jesus." "Now, *Shiva-Lingam* consists of three principal parts: the *Gauri-pattam*, or the female principle, and the *Lingam*, or the male principle, and the *Vajram*, or the thunderbolt, destruction. It may be interpreted this way that unless we worship male and female principles alike, and then go beyond both, we cannot get rid of birth and death. The lower huge building part around the tower, together with the shed projecting from its southwest part, forms clearly the *Gauri-pattam*, or the female principle; the upper little bulging dome, with its neck, clearly forms the *Lingam*, or male principle; and the ball of the flag-pole serves the purpose of the *Vajram*, or the thunderbolt. Many Hindus attach a great importance to the north-east corner of a place; therefore, they would prefer such a corner for an important worship or ceremony. This important tower has therefore been placed on the north-east corner of the building."

Probably many a person has passed the Hindu temple without knowing that the north-east tower has any such significance, for Americans are not accustomed to embody such ideas in architecture.

The little folder containing the list of Sunday lectures, given me by the swami, stated that three lectures were

given every Sunday, free to all, Swami Trigunatita to lecture in the afternoon, and Swami Prakashananda in the morning and evening. Some of the subjects of the lectures in the long list were: "Sri Ramakrishna, the Embodiment of Universal Religion." "Christianity, Is It the Only True Religion?" "The God of the Upanishads." "The Necessity of Symbols in Religious Culture." "Trance vs. Samadhi." "Do We Reincarnate?" "The Soul Is Sexless." "The Mystery of Human Vibrations." "Turiya, or the Fourth State of Realization." "The Wheel of Karma." "The Breathing: Its Science in Short." "Ecstasy." "The Philosophy of the Gita (Song Celestial)."

It seems blasphemous that so-called pictures of Jesus Christ in "Yoga-posture" are to be had at the Sunday services of the Hindu temple. "Pictures of Jesus and of Sri Ramakrishna in Yoga-Postures," says the folder, for the Swamis seem determined to try to make people believe that the worship of Christ can be combined with that of Sri Ramakrishna, and moreover that the latter individual is preferable.

But Swami Trigunatita, who gave me the "Message" of his Hindu temple, will never again speak there. His career ended with a tragedy. One day a fanatic, Louis J. Vavra, went into the San Francisco Hindu temple with a bomb, which he threw, injuring Swami Trigunatita so severely that he afterwards died.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KOREANS

A Korean is a bewildering person, because sometimes he looks like a Chinaman, and sometimes exactly like a Japanese. As a fact, the Korean probably has a right to look like either of them, even if he does confuse a Californian thereby. Rev. James Gale, in "Korea in Transition," says, "In soul the Korean is the son of a Chinaman, but in language he is related to Japan. He can sound both l and r, while the Japanese has to say *Gay-roo* for girl and the Chinaman says *Amellican* for American. The Korean stands between them not in heart and geographical position only, but in a still greater sense, we trust, that will be manifest in days to come."

A Bright Young Christian.—Inasmuch as there are only about one thousand Koreans in California, and there are so many more thousands of Chinese and Japanese, the distributor of Gospels is often taken aback by uncertainty as to the nationality of the person to whom he is speaking. Going over to San Francisco one day on the boat from Oakland, a very polite Japanese-looking young man sat near me, and I ventured to offer him a Gospel in Japanese, but he told me in English that he did not read Japanese.

"Chinese?" I inquired, somewhat bewildered, for he did not look of that nationality.

He was Korean, one of the Methodist Koreans of San

San Francisco. He told me that the Koreans were all Christians and that they held meetings twice a week. He was somewhat mistaken, but he evidently found many Christian brethren among them. I asked him if more Koreans would come here, but he said he thought not, as the government had forbidden their leaving their country. He himself had left Korea eight years before, while Korea was an independent nation.

A much more Chinese type of Korean was a man whom I found after the San Francisco disaster of 1906. Following the great earthquake and fire many refugees from San Francisco lived for a time in tents in Oakland. It was a good opportunity to give away Gospels in different languages. A camp of Chinese had been formed among the eucalyptus trees in Beulah Park, East Oakland. I had four Gospels in the Korean language, and on inquiry I discovered that there was a Korean or two in camp. An obliging Chinaman guided me among the Chinese tents till we came to a tent where there was a somewhat elderly Korean, like a Chinaman in height and appearance. This Korean received the four Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John with pleasure, and read to us the name of each Gospel emphatically aloud, as if pleased to inform us of the sound of the mysterious Korean characters on the outside of the paper books.

The Methodist Mission.—The Korean Mission of San Francisco is on Bush street. The two-story dwelling-house

bears a sign beginning with Korean characters and continuing in English as follows:

SOUTHERN METHODIST KOREAN MISSION,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Here, during one of the early days of January, 1914, I found the Korean Methodist pastor, Rev. David Lee, who looks like a modest, polite Japanese. His little front parlor was full of small white folding chairs, and he told me that the Koreans were having a meeting daily. There was a reed organ in the back parlor upon which was a Korean hymn-book. Mr. Lee, who spoke English well, said that the Presbyterians had charge of the Korean work in Southern California, and the Methodists in Northern California. It is natural that these two denominations should have charge of the work here, as they do most of the missionary work in Korea itself.

Mr. Lee estimated that about fifty or sixty Koreans came here during 1913. He smiled when I told him of the Korean young man on the boat, who had said that all the Koreans here were Christians.

"Not all, but a good many," he gently corrected.

He brought out a number of saffron-colored paper copies in Korean of the Junior catechism of the Methodist Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal church, South, and other copies of the standard catechism of the two churches in Korean. The books, of course, began at the back and went forward like Chinese.

The Bible Society calls San Francisco the center of the Korean populaton of the coast. During 1912, for the first



Chinese Children, Chinese Baptist Church, San Francisco.

time, the San Francisco branch of the Bible Society received the entire Bible in Korean, and immediately made special efforts to reach the Koreans, engaging for the work Rev. Kwang Y. Lee of the Presbyterian Seminary. Mr. Lee made a tour among the Korean communities of San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, Alameda and San Jose, and also wrote letters to other Koreans so that, at that time, practically the whole coast was reached. The Bible Society said, "Of all the foreigners on the coast, perhaps none are more religious than these people. They have strongly appealed to our sympathy and efforts."

Self-supporting Students.—In the Report of the Commissioner General of Immigration for 1914, Mr. Backus writes regarding the Koreans who came here in the year ending June 30, 1914:

"A somewhat noteworthy movement was that of the incoming Koreans, there having been 67 applicants of that race during the year (part of them from insular territory) as against 12 for the previous fiscal year. Of the total number coming, 37 were students, usually arriving on vessels under the American flag, embarking at Shanghai and thereby laying the foundation for the claim that they are not Japanese subjects and therefore are exempted from the requirement as to passports. None of them will admit the status of a laborer, and in most instances they state that they left Korea before or about the time that Japan assumed sovereignty over Korea and that therefore they are not subjects of Japan. In many cases they are what might be termed "working students" in that they proceed to differ-

ent educational institutions and actually pursue a student course, but maintain themselves, partially or in whole, by working in some capacity near by the school. The movement has not reached a serious volume at present, but inquiries now coming to us would indicate that it may soon become so large as to require the bureau's special attention."



